

TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY
BULLETIN

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Tennessee Wesleyan College
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FOLKLORE AS A FOUNDATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

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Public-school education is changing greatly in its character. It is changing even in some of its fundamental philosophies. As these change, of course the means employed to implement them must change also. And these changes bring about, or at least invite, a recasting even of the means used to attain the goals which are not being re-defined. New curriculum approaches and materials are now therefore being widely welcomed which a little while ago would have received short shrift as unwarrantable intrusions. Because of this fluid condition of present-day education, the suggestion seems timely that folklore is more basic in value to general education than had generally been recognized. A wider and more skillful employment of folklore in the schools seems worth trying. It is thought of here, not merely as instruction in a specific kind of subject matter, but in a more functional sense. Used in this broader way, it might contribute important fundamental assistance toward the achieving of some of the new crucial purposes of education.

Preliminary to the discussion of this suggestion, the fact should be noted that folklore is already deeply embedded in children and already widely employed in education. It does not have to be introduced as an altogether new thing. If the folklore in the present consciousness of the children and in the curriculum we have long employed to educate children were left out, there would be a very great void.

Aesop, Mother Goose, Cinderella, Blue Board, Sinbad the Sailor,

* This article is furnished us by Mrs. Lillian Bruce Pendleton from among the late papers of her husband, Dr. Charles S. Pendleton.

and Little Red Riding Hood are folklore. Robin Hood is folklore. Charlemagne and his Peers, Richard the Lion-Hearted, and many another old time hero have come down to our generation far more as personages built up by the imagination of anonymous storytellers, throughout the centuries, than in the identity in which, no doubt, they really lived.

In our own day we may see the folklore process actively at work making mythical expansion of certain heroic national forefathers, such as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and building up fabulous, intriguing exploits of invented heroes.

Many of the games played naturally by children came from folklore. And many of the games and the dances and much of the music that the school curriculum adds to the natural store already held by the children came down the long folklore road from past ages. Even the quilt that covers them at night may have on it a pattern of folklore design. Folklore is already with us everywhere. One does not have to plead that it should be introduced. But the suggestion may well be advanced that, with definite profit to education, it can be even more widely employed.

Folklore enters into children from two avenues of approach. One is their early reading, such as Mother Goose, Arabian Nights, and the Ballads. The second is the avenue of their physical and spiritual ancestry - a pathway of direct heritage from parents, grandparents, and early progenitors. The lore from this latter line is, for many a child, much more deeply a part of him than that which comes from his reading. In some children, at least, both its depth and its complexity are amazing. Children also sometimes, using the creative methods their forefathers used, build myths for themselves after the true folklore pattern. The spirit is deep within them.

Sometimes literature goes to the heart of things much more keenly than do scientific studies. It is so here. The most penetrating portrayal we have of youth saturated with folklore, living with it and in it, and all the while actively building new creations of the folklore sort is in Mark Twain's inimitable imaginative fictional study of a certain two Missouri boys, named Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. The insight which that gifted man had here was direct inspiration from heaven -- a good place in which all things are known, even in the minds and hearts of children.

Modern education seeks to know children. That is its first endeavor. The teacher must find the real self of his pupils. He must do this before he can make progress in helping that self grow. If he would lead children to develop into something different, he must first grasp accurately what they are now.

This is a revolutionary nation. Not long since, schools plastered education, like a stucco, upon young human framework to which no one paid much attention. The child who constituted the framework was, then and thereafter, carefully examined with reference to the stucco, but not at any time with close concern about what underlay this. Modern education, however, has no enthusiasm about stuccoes, and especially such as are not integrally tied to the structure underneath. Modern education insists on seeing the real child who is to be educated.

The two books, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, ought to be required reading for teachers. They would sharpen penetrative insight. They would guide to the discovery of many a pupil. The folklore fabric in the inner structure of children could hardly be overlooked by even a dull teacher who had glimpsed so rich an exposition of human fundamentals as these two books afford.

Teachers are too bookish. They are too intellectual. They are admirable custodians of organized subject matter; but they lack breadth and depth of actual human contact; therefore they commonly fail to bring vitally together their subject matter and the living youth who constitute their pupils. Knowledge goes in one ear and out the other. If it is to go in one ear and not out the other, it must be snared and prevented from escape by ideas, attitudes, and dreams that lie in the head situated between those two ears. Knowledge never stays -- it hardly pauses in its rapid transit -- unless it meets, just inside the ear by which it enters, a friend with whom it stops to shake hands. Only a teacher who has at least an inkling of what the inside of the head of a pupil contains can plant knowledge there, or lead to development. And folklore is a better avenue than organized scientific knowledge is to the comprehension of the content of an average pupil's mind.

Folklore has another fundamental value in education. Often folk sayings and beliefs constitute a link between children and their homes. For the deepest-lying folklore is inherited; children derive it from parents and home. Now, wise teachers with a modern slant toward their work do not want to draw pupils away from parents and home. They do not break the ties that bind families together. Formerly teachers often did; innocently or deliberately they taught many children that there was little in their homes and parents to cleave to. And when a child so taught once left home, often he never returned except casually; he never again was a real part of that home. How often a parent who says a fond goodbye to his boy or girl who is leaving home to go to school or college says a farewell that is far deeper than he knows, for his child never in spirit comes back to him again!

Modern teachers lean strongly the other way. Through the pupil they reach into the homes. They utilize every link -- and folklore is such a link -- to include parents within the scope of the school and to send pupils out from the school into worthy home membership -- and this not only at some future time, when the school term or the school career is over, but home membership that travels back and forth every day between home and school.

It is good modern teaching not to let pupils look down on anything that their parents hold dear. Such teaching requires superb technique. It is not blundered into; it is consummated by insight, skill, and tact. The older generation is always at least a little out of date; but the good teacher condones this to the children. Young people are always a little too radical; the wise teacher sympathizes with them, and yet tactfully holds them back from radicalism. The wise teacher is the community leader who, though working always toward progress, does not break up social unity, but holds the older generations and youngest generation together.

The good teacher approaches nothing in ignorance. If folklore is a tie in the home of his pupils, he knows this fact, he knows the lore, and he is ever alert to use what he knows so that it will be constructive, never destructive.

Is folklore true? If it is false, why teach it? Now, there is truth of fact, and there is truth of spirit. The two do not always go readily together. If science laughs at folklore, is science altogether right and folklore altogether wrong? Science sometimes also laughs at religion, at poetry, at ideals, and at dreams. But surely these nuggets of gold in human life are not therefore to be cast out. It is so with folklore. Science, supreme within its own

precincts, tends to wander outside its proper field. Truth of the spirit is always truth, but it also should remain within its precinct. Let us render to science the things that are of science, and to dream the things made of the stuff dreams are made of.

May we now put the school problem in concrete, practical words? Science must be taught, and science often gives the lie to folklore. Yet if folklore is deeply embedded in the home and community, it may be dealt with sincerely for what it is, and not for what it is not - touched, in school, with a tolerance and a happy, imaginative deftness which utters no lies about the truths of science, yet avoids brutal destruction of home and community ties. "Honor thy father and thy mother, thy home and thy neighbors" is a higher commandment, even in education, than "Hew to the line; let the chips fall where they may."

The world of folklore is a dream world. The world of youth is a dream world. The world of primitive man, the childhood of the human race, is a dream world. Science has its invaluable place. There is, indeed, a science of folklore, which is a chapter in the cold, factual study of racial development. But the folklore which is of fundamental value in public-school endeavors to help all the children of all the people to grow is not of this sort. Folklore in the school is a concrete tie-up with the imaginative, aspiring, inquiring, and half-playful spirit of invention and explanation which, from the beginning of time, has been one of the most pervasive of the deep-lying things that make mankind what it is. Folklore introduces the child to the inner spirit of the world in which he lives.

DARK, DEEP SECRET OF THE BLACK OAK'S HEART

Ruth W. O'Dell
Congresswoman, Newport, Tennessee

In the early days of Cocke County, as in other East Tennessee counties, the pioneers were well-blessed with an abundance of timber suitable for building purposes and for the making of rude furniture for their homes. Oak had no rival among the hardwoods for this purpose. It was not only very plentiful, but it was more easily worked than many of the other varieties. Oak decays slowly, even if subjected to alternate dampness and dryness - hence its popularity as a roofing material. The noblest of the many varieties was said to have been the white oak, but the black and red oaks ran the white a close second.

Most of the early settlers of Cocke County were of English and Scotch-Irish ancestry and looked upon the sturdy oak as almost a sacred tree, as the Druids had regarded it. Consequently many such trees escaped the woodman's axe and were allowed to live their allotted time, which is said to be often two and three-hundred years. Thus we can see why the "king" of the forest has for ages been a symbol of sturdiness and strength which defies time and tempest; and why many poets have sung of the "hearts of the oak" of their countrymen; and why mankind in difficulties is continually urged to remember the fact that great oaks from small acorns grow.

David Thompson of Bybee, and H. W. Huff of Newport, have informed me that to their knowledge no one has ever sung of the secret in the heart of Cocke County's age-old black oak which stood for at least two-hundred years near Bybee, on the Dave Manning farm, about four-hundred years from the east bank of Clay Creek. Two centuries is a long time to keep a secret, and whose present revelation could

not possibly hurt anyone; and, being a woman, I am delighted to tell it, even if two men did relate it to me. It is an interesting story, and proves the simple faith which someone had in signs and superstitions.

This particular monarch of the forest was greatly admired by all who chanced to pass that way. It had long stood apart from other trees. It had grown to be more than twelve feet in circumference and some one-hundred feet in height. The mysterious years often stamp such trees as relics of historical or poetical interest like the Charter Oak, the Spreading Chestnut Tree with its village blacksmith, the sighing pines where lovers keep their secret rendezvous, and the apple tree with its legend of love and beauty. So the great black oak joined our age-old trysting trees and stood stately and tall until 1896, when barn builders of the community became busy and needed boards to cover their barns.

Lorano C. Cash had charge of the construction work and soon the great tree was sawed into thirty-inch blocks from which the boards were made by hand, a slow and tedious task. A frow was used to rive the boards. In the very heart of the tree, four feet from the ground, Cash found a coil of jet-black hair, straight as an Indian's and about the size of a pencil. Immediately the hair, after coming in contact with the air, turned to a reddish-brown. The bewildered barn builders believed that this was caused by the acid from the oak.

The mountain men were amazed, and many theories were advanced relative to their unusual "find." They finally decided that the hair had been clipped from the head of an Indian maiden and that it signified some mysterious Indian love-lore. Mystery and beauty appealed to the Indian so that every tree, cliff, mountain peak, stream, and

valley had a significance all its own. Their's was a beautiful existence with the Great Spirit brooding over all. A sort of "oerio" feeling came over the workers, and they had a kind of reverence for the wisp of hair and for the great tree that had entombed it for so long. They worked no more that day (in all probability) because they may have wanted to indulge in a bit of imagination and meditation as they realized how "the mighty distance lays its finger of silence all about us.

It was easy to note how carefully this human hair had been preserved, and had been prepared for its preservation, in the tomb of this great oak's heart. It was not the hair from an old head. The auger hole was three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and appeared to have been freshly bored. The hair was snugly placed therein and the hole was securely plugged. The tree had grown ten inches beyond the plug in evidence of the years, and years, and years since it had been placed there. Delighting much in the mystery and mysticism of the strange incident, I would like to believe that some Indian legend was responsible for the deep, dark secret in the black oak's heart. It would at least be poetic and romantic to subscribe to such an idea. I might have thought so if there had not long lived in the same locality a Mrs. Lula Thomas Wood, the widow of Dr. Wood, who is well-versed in the signs and superstitions of the neighborhood. Especially does she know about remedies which were known also to her doctor husband as he visited the sick and the afflicted of the countryside. The natives would often try out all the remedies they knew before they would call the doctor. There was one universally accepted cure for asthma, which may be another clue to the story of our tree. "Let the patient stand by an oak tree while someone marks thereon her exact height. A hole is then bored into the heart of the tree into

which a lock of her hair, from the crown of her head, is carefully placed. The hole is then securely plugged so that no air can penetrate it. When the tree grows over the plug, the disease will have disappeared."

Of course there is always something to bring us down out of the clouds and to take the joy and romance out of our beliefs. Some call it stern reality, or facts and figures. I am glad that the barn builders thought that the great tree's secret was somehow a part of the story of the Indian brave and the maiden.

The above-story is somewhat corroborated by a newspaper clipping which appeared recently in the Knoxville Journal and which reported this incident from Concord, North Carolina: "A package containing two locks of human hair has been found imbedded inside a one-hundred year old tree in Cabarrus County and the mystery shows every sign of remaining unsolved forever.

"Lloyd Poplin and his brother, Hugh, estimated by counting the rings in the tree that the package was placed there some fifty years ago. They discovered it when they sawed the old walnut tree up for lumber.

"The hair, one small lock of black hair and another of brown, was well sealed against the elements. It was wrapped in heavy paper, and in homespun cloth, and then covered with wax and sealed. Then a hole five inches deep was bored in the walnut, the packet was put in the bottom, and the hole was plugged with a piece of oak. Through the years the healthy walnut covered over the plug and the hair was locked undisturbed."

SOME ODD PICKUPS FROM HERE AND THERE

E. G. Rogers
Tennessee Wesleyan College

In 1826, Samuel Clenny, living near Crab Orchard in Grassy Cove deep within the Cumberlands, began to carry the first mails to arrive in these parts from the East. What is the more remarkable this youth was only fifteen years of age. His father ran a local postoffice at Crab Orchard. There were no qualifications for such a position in those days except the rare courage to face the wilderness and the dire necessity of life that created the urge. These mails soon began to reach such points as Crossville, Sparta, Smithville, and Gallatin.

Mrs. Alice Morgan, an aged daughter of Mr. Clenny (now deceased), recalls her father's account of the first stage that he ever saw. He was riding his mail route through the Cumberlands when suddenly he saw a man's head rise above the approaching hill. The man was seated high upon the stagecoach of which he was driver. "I thought that this stage was the most beautiful thing which I had ever seen," said Mr. Clenny. Letters were rated according to the number of pages and the distance sent. Mr. Clenny often arrived at Gallatin with letters on which the charges would be fifty cents or more for a single letter. The receiver was often unable or refused to pay the charges and the letter was returned to the sender.*

A "muster" they called it in earlier times for it was upon such occasions that men sometimes fought, and swore, and got a little tipsy. These political musters were attended by strict party men from far and near. Sectionalism was rife. Great issues were at stake. These they met seriously - sometimes thoughtlessly and even furiously. Contests of skill were often held at these political rallies. Great droves of wild turkeys were huddled and shot. Foot racing and horseracing were common. Naturally there was much gambling and betting on these as the gallon jug passed back and forth among the crowd. A muster of this kind often lasted for two or three days.

James K. Polk was running for president. This was back in the forties. One man by the name of Turner, living near Lewisburg in Marshall County, attended this particular muster held on his own property, later belonging to E.D. Wilson. The old oak tree under which Polk delivered his address on that occasion has long since been cut down. Mr. Wilson destroyed the stump of the old tree in 1929 in order to put the field in a better state of cultivation. Perhaps this type of campaigning proved profitable, for it was at Lewisburg, a distance of only about twelve miles from this same spot that James K. Polk, while holding court, was notified of his election to succeed Tyler as president of the United States.

* The Chattanooga Times, October 21, 1934, carried an article on Indian Trails, Etc., in which it is stated, "So great was the risk involved in travelling this route (The Cumberland Trace) that as late as 1874 the rate for carrying a letter from Southwest Point to Nashville was \$50.

The General Assembly of North Carolina in 1785 enacted a law providing for a force of three hundred men to protect the Cumberland Settlements, and "made it the duty of those soldiers or guards to cut and clear a road from the lower end of the Clinch Mountain to Nashville by the most eligible route." This road was to be ten foot wide and suitable for the passage of wagons and carts. This route was improved and shortened across the Cumberland Mountains by way of Knoxville, Rockwood, Crab Orchard, Crossville, Bon Air, Sparta, Smithville Gallatin, and Nashville that same year. Each private soldier was to receive four hundred acres of land for each six months of service in the construction of the road. The officers were paid in a similar manner.

The field officers of the counties were authorized and directed when informed that a number of families were on the east side of the Cumberlands waiting for an escort to conduct them into the Cumberland Settlements, to raise guards to serve as a militia to consist of not more than fifty men as an escort. The expenses of these guards were to be defrayed by a poll tax which the county courts were authorized to levy. Large numbers of families would concentrate on the banks of the Clinch, and attended by the guard, would pass through the wilderness with little apprehension of trouble from the Indians or from other sources of danger. Thus Davidson grew so rapidly that it soon became necessary to divide the county and form a new one called Tennessee County.

The State Gazette of North Carolina under date of November 28, 1788, carried this notice of Colonel James Robertson: "The new road from Campbell's Station to Nashville was opened September 25, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families had gone on... and that on October 1, another contingent would be ready to move through the mountains."

Tennesseans, especially those living in Middle Tennessee, are aware of the unusually large number of family or private burial grounds within that area. The writer too worried about this until he noted in the Acts of North Carolina at the time when Tennessee was yet a territory of that state a statement suggesting that those establishing claims to new lands must "...clear away, mark off, and designate a burial place for himself, his family, and his slaves."

One William Estes was the first person to be buried from the hearse built by a Mr. Lavander of Chapel Hill in Marshall County (perhaps the first burial from a hearse in Middle Tennessee). It was a one-horse carriage with a high seat for the driver in front, and with an outside exposure. This funeral, which was largely attended by a group who had come to marvel at the invention as well as to pay their respects to the dead, was conducted at Spring Hill in Williamson County.

GRANDMA'S HANDBOOK

Hubert Reynolds*
218 Richardson Avenue
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

This collection of beliefs and remedies was known to a person who lived from 1867 to 1934, and practiced by her, my grandmother. It seems that she knew something of the art of first aid. For a bleeding wound there was nothing better than soot or cobwebs. To slip a pair of scissors down the nape of the neck was an almost sure cure for nosebleed. Relief was brought to a patient suffering from hemorrhages from tuberculosis by putting ice accompanied by hemorrhaged blood on the chest of the afflicted person. As a preventative of such hemorrhage, a pan of cold water was placed under the head at night. To cure the patient of tuberculosis a live skunk was placed in the room so the patient might inhale the fumes freely. Salt dampened with kerosene was applied as an antidote to pain for sufferers of stomach ache, toothache, and other ailments which might be treated with applied substances.

Some curative measures were chiefly supernatural. When a nail was stuck in the foot, the nail must then be stuck in the ground or the chimney where it would not be seen. This would prevent complications from infection. Furthermore, the wound might be kept open simply by smoking the nail with burned woolen rags. When a splinter or piece of glass was stuck in the flesh, a poultice of dough or fat meat suggested a more plausible remedy. The dough plaster seemed preferable. A dirty stocking wrapped about the throat was the most common remedy for sore throat. For pneumonia an onion poultice was applied making sure that the onions were cocked in salty, fried-meat grease. And for the youngster in the family who might have an attack of Bole hives, any one of the following teas was recommended: sheep manure tea, henflint tea (chicken manure tea), and catnip tea.

Perhaps grandma's generation had some idea of orthopedic medicine. To soothe a sprained ankle, the injured part was bathed freely after which red clay and into which apple vinegar had been mixed was applied. For rheumatism a poultice made from crushed buckeye from which the dark outside had been removed was applied to the afflicted joints. The poultice was a bit more effective when dampened with a little kerosene.

A few of the more general household hints are offered. Hang dried beans or peas on the north side of the house. Beetles will not bother them here. As a precaution against colds, keep a peeled onion lying on the end of the mantel. The onion absorbs germs from the surrounding air. Pull off your shoes and turn their heels toward a hootowl if you wish to stop him immediately.

And to raise the baby properly the following should be observed. To wean him from the bottle, apply a little quinine to the nipple. Never wean the baby, however, when the signs (zodiak)

* Written by Hubert Reynolds as recorded by Mrs. H. L. Reynolds, 213 Cannon Avenue, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and forwarded by Aubrey L. Jones, Middle Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro.

are in the head. This would cause inevitable death. If weaned while the signs are in the stomach, the individual will suffer from stomach trouble the remainder of his life. Wean him when the signs are in the knees, and he will be a normal, healthy person.

HOW TO BECOME A WITCH*

Care to be a witch? No....! Really it is very simple, according to Robert Henry Tyree of Mt. Vernon, Kentucky. Here is what you must do. Secure a cat of a solid black color. Drop the live cat into a kettle of boiling water. Procure one of the cat's ribs and walk to the nearest crossroads. Do this without speaking to anyone either as you are going or returning from your appointment. Upon reaching the crossroads, throw the rib back over your left shoulder whereupon you will walk home immediately. The devil will be sitting on your doorstep. Promise to serve him for the rest of your life, and he will give you the power to become a witch.

POINT THE TOES**

My grandfather used to have cramps in his legs. He had cramps so badly that he would often have to walk the floor the greater portion of the night. One day he was overheard by his old colored man while discussing his malady. The Negro said, "Mr. Hudgens, I know a sure cure, if you will use it." Silence then encouraged a further suggestion: "At night when you pull off your shoes, be sure and turn the toes together. Do this, and your legs will be all right." Grandfather just laughed. But that night, when his legs started hurting him again, he found himself acting on the colored man's suggestion. Grandfather pointed the toes of his shoes the next night...and the next...for more than a year now, and is personally convinced - that it works.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

You are being mailed a Bulletin for the March, 1950, issue of the Tennessee Folklore Society's publication whether or not you have yet cleared with the treasurer, Dr. T. J. Farr, Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tennessee. We assume that you wish to be a consistent recipient of the publication without interruption. After the present issue, however, if you have not cleared your subscription through the regular channels, your address will be removed from our mailing files. The new subscription rate is \$1.50 instead of the one dollar as formerly.

* John N. Nichols, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

** Jean Hudgens, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

TENNESSEE FOLKSONG REMINDER LIST

(Editor's Note: The following list of folksongs was prepared by George W. Boswell, 1001 Lawrence Avenue, Nashville 4, Tennessee, and is intended as a checklist for possible variations in words and tunes in which he would be interested. As chairman of a committee of the Southern Folklore Society and working through and with the coordinated plans of the Tennessee Folklore Society, he will be interested in receiving word-versions of the song if you do not know the tune, the melody or tune if you could provide him with this also, or better still the opportunity of making a wire recording of a particular version which you might consider sufficiently important. You may write to Mr. Boswell and let him advise with you on the composition and procedure.)

Amazing Grace	Devil's Nine Questions,	Hind Horn
Andrew Barton	The	Hog Drovers, The
Arkansas Traveler	Devilish Mary	Hold on the Plow
Babes in the Wood	Dog and Gun	House Carpenter, The
Baby Lon	Driver Boy, The	Hunting Song
Baffled Knight, The	Drummer Boy, The	I Have A Mother Over
Bailiff's Daughter, The	Drowsy Sleeper	Yonder
Banks of Claudie	Drunkard's Dream	Irish Molly-O
Banks of Sweet Dundee	Drunken Hiccups	Jackie Frazier
Barbara Allen	Earl Brand	James Campbell
Bill Stafford	Earthquake of Louisiana	Jealous Lover, The
Billy Barlow	Edward	Jonnie Jenkins
Billy Grimes	Fair Lady Ellen	Jew's Daughter, The
Black Id the Color	False Knight of the Road	Joe Bowers
Black Jack Gipsy David	Farmer's Boy, The	John Hardy, or Hnery
Black-eyed Susan	Father Grumble	John of Hazelgreen
Bolakins	First Day of Christmas,	Johnnie Armstrong
Boston Burglar	The	Jonny Doyle, or Scott
Bramble Brier	Flo-Ella	Joseph Was An Old Man
Braswell Boys, The	Floyd Collins	Judas
Brisk Young Farmer	Foggy, Foggy Dew	Koemo Kymo
Brown Girl, The	Four Marys, The	King Henry, or John
Butcher Boy	Frankie	Kitty I-lone
Cambric Shirt, The	Froggie	Knoxville Girl, The
Captain Ward	Frozen Girl Charlotte	Lady Alice, or Maisry
Captain Wedderburn's	Gallant Soldier, The	Lady Gay, or Margaret
Courtship	Gambling on the Sabbath	Laird of Drum, The
Caroline of Edinburgh	George Allen, or Collins	Lamkin
Charley Guitteau	Geordie	Last Night There Were
Cherry-tree Stone	Get Up and Bar the Door	Four Marys
Chevy Chase	Gipsies, The	Lazarus
Clark Saunders	Going Over Jordon	Little Page Boy, The
Coffee Grows on White	Golden Vanity, The	Little Matty Grove
Oaks	Good Old Husband	Lizzie Lindsay
Come, All You	Gray-Haired Man, The	Locks and Bolts
Come In, Love Henry	Great Titanic	London Merchant, The
Common Bill	Green Bed, The	Lone Graveyard, The
Cotton-Eyed Joe	Green Grow the Rushes	Lonesome Dove, The
Crafty Farmer, The	Groundhog	Lord Bateman, or
Cruel Brother (Mother)	Hangman, Slack Your Rope	Dunwaters
Cruel Carpenter, The	Hark, From the Tombs	Lord Lovel, or Randal,
Cuckoo Is A Pretty	Henry Martin	or Thomas
Bird, The	Hickman Boys, The	Lost John
Derby Ram	Hick's Farewell	Love Gregory
		Lowlands Low, The

Man Who Wouldn't Hoe
Corn
Mary's Dream
Merchant's Daughter, The
Methodist Pie
Miller Boy, The
Mermaid, The
Molly Vaughn
Mourning Dove, The
My Pretty Flora
Nightingale, The
Number Nine Wreck
Old Bangum and the Boar
Old-Grimes
Old Man, or Old Woman
Old Rosin and the Beau
Old Ship of Zion
Omie Wise
One Morning in May
Pearl Bryan
Polly
Pretty Fair Maid
Pretty Little Feet
Pretty Saro
Prisoner's Song
Promised Land, The
Queen Jane's Death
Reynard the Fox
Rich Merchant's Daughter
Riddle Song, The
Robin Hood
Roch Royal
Romish Lady's Death, The
Roving Gambler, The
Rowan County Trouble
Run, Nigger, Run
Sally, or Saro
Santa Barbara Earthquake
Shiloh's Battle
Shout, We're Gaining Ground
Shulo Aroon
Silver Dagger, The
Sir Hugh
Sir Patrick Sponce
Springfield Mountain
Squire's Bride, The
Stagolee
Storm at Sea, The
Suffolk Miracle, The
Sweet William
Tam Lin
Three Little Babes
Three Welshmen Went a-Hunting
Twelve Days of Christmas
Twelve Months Dead

Two Brothers, or Sisters
Two Crows, The
Wake Up, You drowsy Sleeper
Walk, Tom Wilson
Weeping Willow
Weevily Wheat
Wexford Girl, The
White Pilgrim, The
Who will Shoe Your Pretty Feet
Wild Cowboy, The
Will Ray
William Hall, or Reilly
Wrech of Number 3, or 9, or 97
Yandro
Yarrow, Braes of
Young Charlotte
Young Hunting, or Beecham

BOOK REVIEWS

Maristan Chapman, Rogues March, J.B.Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1949, \$3.00.

Rogues March by Maristan Chapman is an historical romance of the Revolutionary War. It deals with that phase of the war in the South when Cornwallis was making his journey from Georgia across the Carolinas. Pro-British sympathy was strong in parts of the Piedmont region. Armies were operating here under the leadership of Ferguson and Cornwallis' commands. Ferguson's threat to deal with the "over-the-mountain-men" was a challenge which brought these Whig patriots out to meet the British much before they were ready to have company.

An express rider, Lantry Ward, a French Cherokee, is the chief liason of an extended and hastily gathering of forces converging upon King's Mountain, the climax of the story, and the rescue of the family of Henry Brooke, father of the girl he loved, from freebooters. Margaret Brooke saved Lantry from capture earlier in the story when he was a much-hunted man by the British.

Although the story has primarily an historical emphasis, the large number of characters are deftly handled so that each is clearly differentiated according to his background and according to his role in the story - historical or fictional. The reader feels, however, that Lantry Ward whose advice is always sought, is played down in comparison with other characters for whom we have less respect and gratitude.

Ward's determination to save Margaret from the maligns of a British lieutenant whom she does not love, his own love for her and determination to marry her, his desire to tell her all - of his son, and his first wife's death, and of his home back on the Watauga River - are matters handled with skill. The scene of Lantry's discovery of the death of his son at King's Mountain where there are conflicting emotions of defeat and victory is as dramatically telling as is the scene of Lantry's return home to the Watauga with Margaret after he has finally effected her release from freebooters. The reader has a feeling of rejoicing with his characters in the story and in the knowledge that this has been the turning point toward victory for the South and the new Nation.

-- E.G.R.

Edwin Corle, The Royal Highway (El Camino Real), The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., New York, 1949, \$4.00.

The author of The Royal Highway, Edwin Corle, has pointed the writing of this book toward several objectives - the telling of the romantic story of the development of California for the lay reader as well as for the historian, always from the point of view of El Camino Real or the Royal Highway, which might have well qualified the book for the American Trailways Series, and with such dramatic force that the four centuries of transpiring events are effectively compressed without deletion, distortion, or diminution in their telling. A kaleidoscopic panorama of historic events is deftly presented as a background against which the events transpiring along the Royal Highway are reviewed at close range. It is the sort of book that you would like to carry along with you were you planning to travel this route by automobile.

The folklorist will be interested in such social and economic institutions as the "rancho" which developed early along El Camino

Real. He will likewise enjoy the lore belonging to Spanish tradition, to the Indians, to the priests and, to the Friars. He will better understand the rivalry which led the Spanish, the British, the Phillippino, the Russian, and the "gringo" American in conquest of this land from Los Angeles to the paradise beyond the "Golden Gate" of San Francisco. He will follow Californians in the "gold rush" to the Sacramento as well as to watch the reactions of those who have made the longer overland "trek" from the East. He will follow the breath-taking series of events which brought California in 1850 into the union as the thirty-fifth state. He will observe the reactions upon California and the rest of the nation of the completion of three great trunk-line railroads, and the industrialization of California railroads, and the industrialization of California into one of the great fruit-growing and resort areas of the world. And there was the sear side as well. "Wherever there is a highway, there is likewise a highwayman," says the author. Although there was not an inch of hard-surfaced road along the Royal Highway in 1900, "today ... along former El Camino Real, widening, bridging, streamlining, multiple-laning, by-passing, overpassing, and underpassing are still going on." If you cannot drive up this Royal High along the coast of California, Highway 101, then perhaps you might like to travel as did the author of this book.

- E. G. R.

A. B. Guthrie, Jr., The Way West, William Sloane Associates, New York 1949, \$3.50.

The Way West by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., is not history, not fiction, not exclusively folk materials - it is rather a combination of these presented against a folk and historical background of psychological and sociological reaction in a manner to grip the interest from the moment the story gets under way. The dramatic element in the story's telling, is not only breath-taking at times, but is artistically superb.

The one compelling force drawing and holding together this divergent cross-section of humanity with its purposes, its passions, and its prejudices is the one call of the frontier in far-a-way Oregon. Their dreams they ever kept before them as they endured, sacrificed, and suffered, but never once lost sight of their goal - that is, except a few like Tadlock whose lust for power and leadership led to a showdown with Lige Evans. The wagon train is finally led through by Lige Evans and his courageous wife Rebecca who expect to win Oregon for the United States and who envision, as do other emigrants, a better chance for their children. Hank McBee and his wife are going to escape their debts back home. Mercy, their daughter, beautiful - too beautiful for such parents. And there was Curtis Mack whose wife was afraid of childbirth; the Fairmans whose hopes were almost buried with their child Ted along the way; and Dick Summers who was hired as guide for the train and who wished to rejoin the hunters, fishermen, and furriers a little short of Oregon. And there was the Reverend Weatherby who hoped to do mission work among the Indians but who found frequent occasion to minister along the way - give solace to a mother whose child was buried along the way, reconcile quarrels between would-be friends, and perform the marriage vows which united Brownie Evans and Mercy McBee. Many a frontiersman learned the

meaning of the minister's words from experiences along the way - for the ways of God over these vast expanses of miles upon miles were inescapable. Thirst, hunger, storm, stampede of buffalo, broken wagons, theft, swollen streams, Indian attack, birth and death - those were experiences teaching the truths of life and the ways of God.

Something of the keen insight of the author and the influence of the frontier upon human beings is expressed when he says: "Those were their names, they names they were known by, but to know a name was it to know the man." The folk remedies suggested and tried when Tod was bitten by rattlesnake and the many folk expressions characteristic of the setting are significant to folklorists.

- E. G. R. -

Joseph Nelson, Backwoods Teacher, J. B. Lippincott Company, New York, 1949, \$3.00.

Backwoods Teacher is an account of the experiences of Joseph Nelson and his wife Sally during their one-year stay in the Big Piney community of the Ozarks. Joseph went to Big Piney to work at \$60.00 a month because the warrants here, he had heard, were worth "cash money." This volume is hardly a fictionalized story although the characters and incidents are unified around Joseph's efforts at overcoming his major obstacles which might have reacted as barriers to a successful school; it is hardly biography since the emphasis upon the author is lost in the greater interest of the community's good. It is not history although it gives us a vivid cross-section of the behavioristic culture, or lack of it, of these hillmen of the Ozarks. It is spiced with humor in its finest form. Sister Viny over at the tabernacle but "right now in a back-slid condition" is a slight contrast to the more austere type - all of whom have a sincere interest in their community. Gram Slocum, the witch-woman, Johnny Hoskins who keeps two wives in the "same holler" and who hauled his coffin around with him lest he might need it, and the school directors who are willing to exercise a little forgiveness for the good of the school.

Here is a deft handling by Mr. Nelson of the many crosscurrents of vicarious living which are slowly but surely responsive to such leadership as they may be able to recognize as intended for their greater good.

Again there is a particular interest here for the folklorist. The book gives us a scholarly linguistic study in this last stronghold of Anglo-Saxon speech; there are perpetuated ideas such as the one that "rabbits ain't meat"; we are amused at the use of chicken-gizzard laxatives; there is fighting with backfire to save the cabin home; beliefs regarding "book doctors", "herb doctors", the "chills and fever doctors", and the "power doctors" are noted. There are quaint beliefs regarding planting, harvesting, preserving, quilting, the burial of the dead, the chivareo, the breeding of livestock, and other general household matters. "A woman of right virtue can't make good applesauce." This book has much to offer that is refreshing in our American way of life and in a section as yet greatly unimpressed by modern scientific culture.

-- E. G. R.

Manly Wade Wellman, Giant in Gray: A Biography of Wade Hampton of South Carolina, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1949, \$5.00.

Loyalty and courage are always respected by the human race everywhere. These were only two of the attributes of strength and character emphasized by Henry Wade Wellman in his portrayal of this soldier-statesman at one of the most difficult times in history - difficult because of the nature of the problems which had to be met and, if possible, solved. "Hampton was a Southern American." Wade Hampton was third from that ancestor of the pioneering and Revolutionary War period in South Carolina whose military tradition certainly was to be perpetuated. Our subject went into the War Between the States as one of the wealthiest men of the South, and returned as one of the poorest: "From the war he had brought home memories of defeated toil and struggle, a gray uniform which he was forbidden to wear, and the scars of five wounds." As brigadier-general he was a great leader-strategist and combat soldier. He was loved, respected, feared. He lost a brother and a son in service, but his worries and sorrows were always his own. He returned from the war to find "Beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope."

But he had returned as a tower of strength in the Southern cause and in that of the Nation. He pleaded for reconciliation, forgiveness, and reconstruction. By 1873 he was able to restore the franchise to his state and to effect as its governor a program of redress and recovery from the most flagrant of its wounds - political and economic - and then to serve as reconstruction senator from South Carolina. He effected in that body the withdrawal of the last vestige of carpetbag military rule from that state. As military leader, as private citizen, as governor, and as U. S. Senator, he never allowed prejudices and personal consideration to bias his judgment. And he never refused to offer his services in any cause where there was an apparent need. His problems, however, were always difficult of solution because his own state had taken the first stand on Nullification and Secession, and was to suffer longest for having done so. Under his leadership South Carolina was first to rise to the reenfranchisement of both blacks and whites; it was later that he saw cheap and selfish politicians infringe upon those rights. His death came in 1902. He might have rebuilt his fortunes except that he was too busy giving of his time and means to others. Said the Charleston News and Courier, "Blot out Wade Hampton from the history of the state for the past thirty years, and you blot out South Carolina."

- E. G. R.

W. C. Handy, A Treasury of the Blues, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1949, \$5.00.

A Treasury of the Blues edited by W. C. Handy with a critical text by Abbio Niles and illustrations by Miguel Covarrubias is not something sensationally new in a compilation and study of "Blues" compositions but rather an attempt at bringing up-to-date a similar work by those authors presented some twenty odd years ago. The present volume is complete with words and music of 67 great songs

from "Memphis Blues" to the present day. The introductory section analyses such points as the contextual significance of folk blues as verse and as music, its relationship to modern blues and to jazz, and the influence of blues on popular song. There is a telling discussion by Niles of the varied experiences and background of Handy leading to the publication of "The Memphis Blues." As teacher of the Memphis Colored Pythian Band, Handy was brought into relationships with the musical, social, and political life of Memphis in a way not only to monopolize his rich store of training and experience but also to "break through the tight musical cliques" into a gay social world of Beale Street. Here "there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns (saxophones) around the floor." The breaks of Handy's "Memphis Blues" were not the first breaks ever played, but because of his exploitations - and the styles of music developing as a result - his techniques became essentially standard in later compositions. Music as well as the airs became increasingly important - musical interpretation through instrumentation.

This new emphasis on instrumentation itself carries over into many relationships. Musicians of other repute became interested in the work of Handy, composers such as Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and Hoagy Carmichael. Even Cole Porter finds that he can "use their tricks" to advantage. And, of course, swing, live, and bogie-woogie were inevitable. The authors are not sure that be-bop is not "on a rather chilly detour, but..." "it looks like blues is here to stay."

- E. G. R.

Dorothy Gow Kemble (Chm. Ed. Com.), The Garden Workbook and Diary, Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, \$2.50.

The Garden Workbook and Diary, compiled and edited by Wellesley-in-Nassau, N. Y., and issued in celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of that institution is a most unique collection of advice and wisdom on husbandry and gardening. The items are arranged in a dated chronology sequence for each day of each month of the year. This lore presents a wisdom based upon the knowledge of all ages ranging from the classical to the most modernly scientific. Botanists, horticulturists, and research-experimentalists have been consulted. Libraries have been screened for recorded experiences. The volume is amply and attractively illustrated with plates of varied landscape projects.

Each item is attractively set near the top of the page leaving ample room for further note-taking on paper appropriate for pencil or ink. The volume is cloth-bound with attractive jacket. "If your garden is an impressive piece of ground in a charming suburb; if your garden is a window box in a bustling city; if your garden is any section of the country - the Garden Workbook and Diary has information you will find invaluable.

- E. G. R.

Stith Thompson, The Folktale, The Dryden Press, New York, 1946, \$6.00.

The Folktale by Stith Thompson is written with a view to the great interest everywhere in this most universal of all literary forms of historic and native art. The reader is made acquainted here not only with the great folktales of the world, but also with the important elements of culture which are a part of this most common form of creative expression. The oral folktale is compared with other forms of oral and written folk literature and is presented with a view to the use of these media of information and entertainment for the fuller enjoyment of all. Part II shows how the folktale from other lands has influenced the primitive culture (Part III) in our own. In the study of our own North American Culture there are Indian tales, creation myths, the trickster cycle, test and hero tales, other-world stories, and stories of animal wives and husbands. In Part IV the theory of the folktale is discussed, a plan for international folktale study is outlined, and a classification and history of the folk narrative is given. The study is concluded with a summary of "The Folktale As Living Art."

We may have observed in America in recent years what the press, radio, and cinema are doing, not to supplant, but rather to intensify the general and specific interests in folk materials. But "...folktales are much more than a casual part of the life of those who tell them and hear them. Even where the reciting of tales is to be expected of everyone, there is every effort put forth to make a story interesting and pleasing to an audience. And where tale-telling is the function of a chosen few, ...it is cultivated as a serious art." This is one of the very scholarly studies in the field of the folktale as a folk art, and would be a "must" in departments where folk arts are taught.

- E. G. R.

Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend edited by Maria Leach. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York, 1949-1950 (\$7.50 each volume)

This Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend is the first work of its kind in existence. Volume I is just off the press, and Volume II will be published during 1950. It is written for the collector, the student, the teacher, the research scholar, and the lay reader of folklore. The twenty-four definitions of folklore are culled from the most representative sources throughout the world. The lore of the various nationalities and cultures are represented here. "Folk stories and songs...gods, heroes, fairies and demons, angels and devils, ogres, guardian spirits, witches, vampires, and zombies come to light for you in these 4000 entries, each a fascinating story in its own right." The editors suggest that the book belongs to no school of folklore, adheres to no method, and advocates no theory. It has tried rather to be representative of each and all of these. Statements of location are often made placing, for example, "...a belief in western Africa, a tale in Europe, or a practice among the Eskimos." Under a discussion of "American Folklore" it is pointed out that while folk interpretation must always be approached from a local point of view, any folklore as a national or regional culture is

largely a matter of influences and extenuations. The real mythical "flora and fauna" will ultimately find expression in some form of local symbolism. It is intended that the book give leads to areas of information which may come as a newer sort of revelation to the reader as well as in being helpful in locating, identifying, and clarifying that which is already known. The superbness of this new dictionary of folk heritage can nowhere be matched in its richness, vitality, and range.

- E. G. R.

Frank Owsley, Plain Folk of the South, Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, 1949, \$3.50.

Plain Folk of the South by Frank Owsley is a contribution to the Walter Lynwood Fleming Lectures in Southern History. Southerners will recognize both from the standpoint of impartial historical discussion and cultural and folklore interest regarding the South the author's rare qualifications in setting forth the viewpoints of this volume. Certain misconceptions regarding the Old South are clarified - particularly the view that the antebellum South was composed of two general classes, the slaveholders and the "poor whites." From new sources such as church records, county records, wills, deeds, tax lists, court reports, and (manuscript) Federal Census returns, Mr. Owsley has brought to light a new basis upon which to arrive at an impartial study and interpretation of our social-economic pattern of culture in the Old South.

Under "Southern Society: A Reinterpretation" it is established that in the antebellum South there was very little tenancy and that "from 80 to 85 per cent of the agricultural population owned their land." There was not a "slave-holding" economy in the South distinguishing the planters from the small agriculturist of some 200 to 300 acres and the "poor white trash." There is no evidence identifying this latter group although the pattern of migration caused frontiersmen to choose an economy comparable to that which they had previously known, as indicated in the lecture titled, "To the Promised Land: the Migration and Settlement of the Plain Folk." There was a "grazing economy" closely followed by an "agricultural economy" which characterized much of the Old South. "It was agriculture and not slavery ...that drove the herdsman from frontier to frontier and finally into the pine barrens, hills, and mountains."

The folklorist will find an especial delight in the Chapter titled "Southern Folkways." The author says that these "...were in part the folkways of England, Scotland, and North Ireland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, modified by the impact of the New World environment; and in part were an indigenous growth in the South." The indigenous explanation (in part) for our Southern "droll" is enlightening. Religion and the Church, "protracted" and "camp" meetings, "house raisings", "log rollings", "workings", "corn shuckings", "going to market", tests of skill in marksmanship, contests in hunting, "singing schools", wedding parties are a part of the pattern of our Southern folkways of which entertainment and recreation were an integral part. In the Chapter titled "The Folk of the Plain Folk" it is made clear that "...the plain folk appear not as supernumeraries but as a vital element in the social and economic structure."

of the Old South," and in which the distinction of "class against class" did not exist. The volume is amply supplied with tables, maps, and charts prepared by the wife of the author to authenticate views especially regarding slave-holdings, migrations, and the acquiring of lands.

- E. G. R.

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